

JAMES AND CHARLES,

AND

OTHER TALES

FOR

CHILDREN.



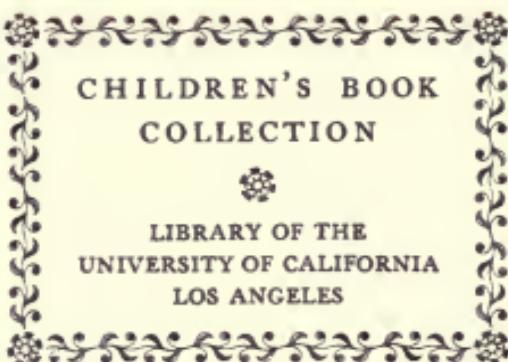
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PROVIDENCE;

PUBLISHED BY GEO. P. DANIELS


1836.



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JAMES AND CHARLES.

James Thompson and Charles Pearce were two pleasant tempered, obliging little boys, obedient to their parents and teachers and kind to every body. James and Charles were very fond of each other. They went to the same meeting, and the same school ; were in the same class, and loved to play with each other.

In many things these two little boys were not at all alike ; but when they were playing together, they never quarrelled nor used unkind words. One was always ready to give up to the other. There was one thing, about which James and Charles felt and acted very differently, and about which James wished Charles would alter, as he knew if he did, he would be better and happier. This was in obeying the fourth commandment, which says, "Remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy."

James had very kind and good parents.— They loved their son very much, and they earnestly endeavored to teach him every thing, that would make him good and happy. They had taught him the commandments when he was a little boy, and they not only taught him to say them, but to understand them. He knew that they were the words of the Lord, his Heavenly Father, and he would not disobey them.

Charles had no parents, for they died when he was very small, and left him to the care of an aunt. She was very kind and wished to do every thing for her nephew ; but when she saw that Charles was amused and pleased and did not make a noise to disturb others, she was satisfied, even on the Sabbath day. So Charles would sometimes spin his top, or drive hoop, or cut paper, or whittle, on that holy day ; and, after all the Sabbath seemed a very long day.

Not so with James. Both the boys went constantly to meeting and to the Sabbath School, and they both loved to hear and to learn ; but Charles would go home and look over his playthings, while James with a bright



James in Meeting.

and happy look, would run to repeat his Bible lesson or his hymn to his father and mother, and to read to them the little book he had brought from the Sabbath School library.

After tea, on Sabbath evening, when the weather was warm and pleasant, James' father and mother liked to have him take a short walk, as they thought it would do him good. James would go silently along, looking at the pretty birds, the green grass, and the beautiful flowers, and think who made them all; for his parents had taught him that the same

Lord who made him, had made all these things.

One fine afternoon he was taking his walk, when Charles came running after him, calling, "James—stop, James!" James stood still, and Charles soon came up, saying, "I want to show you my beautiful new marbles. Aunt bought them for me yesterday—let us hop them a little,"—and he began hopping them.

"Not to-day, Charles," said James. "It is the Sabbath day, and I must remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy."

"Why, James, I am not going to play a real game of marbles: only hop them a little, and show them to you."

"But," said James, "if we do so, we shall both think of a real game of marbles. Mother says, if I look at my playthings on the Sabbath day, I shall be thinking of them when I am at meeting, or when I am saying my hymns, and my prayers; and I am old enough now to hear what our minister says and to mind it too. I know that all mother says is true; and our Heavenly Father says, we must remember the Sabbath day and keep it

holy. I should not be happy at all, if I did not try to do it."

Charles silently put up his marbles. He knew that what James said was true, but he had not thought much about it until now.—



James and Charles, talking.

He sat and talked a little while with James, and then went home to his aunt. She was alone, and Charles asked if he might read his book and say his hymns to her.

His aunt was well pleased to hear him. After he had finished, she saw that he looked very thoughtful and serious, and asked why it was. Charles said,—“Dear aunt, I think you and I are both old enough to remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy, The Lord who made us says we must, and when it

comes Sabbath day, I wish you would put all my playthings away."

His aunt thought a great deal of what Charles had said; and from that day Charles left off playing on the Sabbath, and both he and his aunt tried to remember and keep it holy.

EDMUND AND HIS DOG.

There was once a little boy named Edmund. He was generally mindful and good-natured; but he had one fault, of which his parents found it difficult to cure him: he was too fond of delay. If he was sent upon a short errand, he would often stop by the road and pass an hour in seeing the men mow down the grass. Or, he would lean over the railing of the bridge, that crossed the river, and gaze upon the water as it flowed swiftly



Edmund Fishing.

underneath. Sometimes he would crook a pin, and tying it to a piece of twine, throw it

into the stream, to try his luck at angling.— I suspect that he was never a very successful fisherman; although occasionally, he used to boast of having had a “glorious nibble.”

Edmund was also very apt to be tardy at school. He would come running in, after all the boys were seated, and would wonder that it was so late. It was in vain that his master reprimanded him, and that his parents advised him; his habit of delay still clung to him.

Among his other indulgences, Edmund had a dog, which was called, after one of its ancestors, Ponto. This dog was a good deal like his owner, of whom he was very fond. He would follow Edmund in his saunter to school, and lay upon the door-steps, until the boys were dismissed. Ponto would then wag his tail, and leap upon his young master, as if to let him know how glad he was to see him again. But Ponto, I am sorry to say, was a very mischievous dog. He would hunt among the bushes, and when he found a little bird's nest with some pretty eggs in it, he would seize it in his mouth and bound away, to lay it at the feet of Edmund. Ponto would

also take a wicked pleasure in frightening the cat, and exciting the anger of the old hen with her brood of chickens.



Ponto and the Cat.

One Saturday afternoon, Edmund asked leave to go and visit his cousin, who lived about a mile distant. His mother told him that he might go, if he would come back before five o'clock. Edmund promised that he would not stay beyond that time, and whistling for Ponto, he left the house. He had not walked far, before he saw some large boys playing at foot-ball. Climbing a fence, he sat down to observe the game. Ponto stretched himself upon the ground, and sought amusement in catching the flies, which buzzed around his head. Suddenly, a great noise was heard in the road; and turning round, Edmund saw a horse running away

with a chaise, in which a little girl sat, pale with terror. Several men were running after the horse; and the boys immediately left their play, and joined in the chase. Ponto rose up, barked, and leaped forward, as if to encourage Edmund to follow him. Edmund did not hesitate long, but jumped from the fence, and followed the other boys.

The horse ran nearly two miles before he was caught. The little girl was saved, although she was much frightened. Edmund felt very tired when he came up to the spot where the chaise was stopped. The little girl was carried home to her father and mother; the horse was led back to the stable; the men went to their work, and the boys returned to their play. Edmund sat down by the side of a stream to rest himself. He felt quite tired; but thought that he should be able to get home in good season. He concluded not to go to his cousin's house that afternoon. Seeing some children sailing, he got into the boat with them. He had not got far from shore, when his hat blew overboard. Ponto jumped into the water, seized the hat



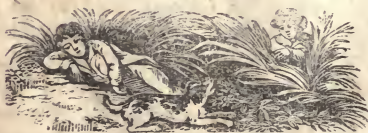
The lost Hat.

in his mouth, and brought it to Edmund.— They sailed till sunset, and then Edmund took his path towards his home.

The night was approaching fast. The crickets were chirping loudly from all sides, and every thing seemed to be settling into repose. Edmund tried to whistle and Ponto barked. The trees grew thicker as they advanced, and at last Edmund could not see a single light streaming through the leaves. He was not a timid child, and he hastened forward with a light heart. But soon he perceived that he had missed his way. He was very, very tired, and sat down on a large rock to repose himself. He thought of his situation and sighed. Ponto leaped up, placed his fore-feet on Edmund's shoulders, and wagged his tail. Edmund sighed again. Ponto barked, and ran away.

Edmund stood upon the rock and tried to call back his dog. But Ponto had forsaken him in his trouble, and he was now all alone. He could no longer keep from crying. His eyes were blinded with tears. The night grew darker and darker, and the grass was wet with dew.

After he had sat nearly an hour upon the rock, Edmund heard a loud rustling in the bushes. He was startled at the sound, but his fears were quieted, when he heard the well known bark of Ponto. The next moment the faithful creature was at his feet.—There was then a sound of voices, and Edmund heard his name shouted by some one



The lost boy.

at a distance. Ponto again left him, but soon returned. Two men rushed through the bushes. One of them was Edmund's father, and the other, John, the servant-man.

Edmund returned in safety to his home. His mother had suffered the greatest anxiety on his account; and the family had been long in search of him. He learnt a useful lesson from his adventure. From that moment, he overcame his idle and dilatory habits.

My young readers ! begin early to shun delay, for it is dangerous. Go straight forward in every thing that you undertake, and never “linger by the road.”

THE KITE.

Mr. Nugent's children, being desirous of having a kite, asked their papa for sticks, paper, and packthread. Their papa, who was very good-natured, readily gave them what they wanted and even assisted them in making the kite.

Towards the evening the kite was finished, and was put in an airy place to dry during the night. Here it is.



The Kite.

The next morning, Mr. Nugent said to his children:—"My dear boys, learn your lessons

thoroughly ; and when you know them, we will go into the fields together and fly the kite."

Scarcely had they taken their books, when their papa being obliged to leave them for a short time, recommended to them to sit still in their places, and not to go out till he returned. But, as soon as he had gone, Julius proposed to his brother to try the kite. He went in search of it immediately, took it in his arms, and went out of the house.

Charles followed; but he had not proceeded many steps, before he stopped and said to his brother :—" I think we are both very naughty : after all the trouble which papa took yesterday to procure our pleasure, we are going to do what he has expressly forbidden ; this is certainly wrong. I cannot bear the thought of being so ungrateful ; I will go no farther."

" You may do as you please," replied Julius ; " but as for me, I shall go and amuse myself a few minutes, and then return and finish my lesson."

He accordingly proceeded to the fields, unrolled the packthread, made all the needful



Julius flying the Kite.

preparations, and raised the kite into the air.

Julius had promised himself much pleasure in flying the kite ; but he had none at all, for his conscience told him that he had done wrong.

Suddenly, he heard the voice of a man, who was in an adjoining field ; and supposing it to be the voice of his papa, immediately he drew in the packthread hastily, to lower the kite.

The packthread having caught in the branches of an apple tree, under which some boys were gathering apples, Julius climbed the tree, in order to disentangle it ; but unfortunately, placed his foot upon a branch, which broke beneath his weight. Julius fell to the ground, and received a great deal of hurt, especially on his legs. It was some

**Julius's return.**

time before he was able to move. At length one of the boys took him on his back, and carried him home. His kite was torn to pieces.

At the instant of his coming in, he saw his father, who entered by another door.—'Think how much ashamed of himself he must have been !

His papa, seeing how severely he was already punished for his fault, did not scold him ; on the contrary, he took good care of him and put him to bed.

Julius remained in his sick chamber for several days, suffering much pain, and bitterly repenting of his disobedience.



THE YOUNG FLORISTS.

George Hatfield and his sister were great admirers of flowers. Every morning at an early hour, when the birds were singing out merrily from the grove, they used to rise from their slumbers and go into the garden.

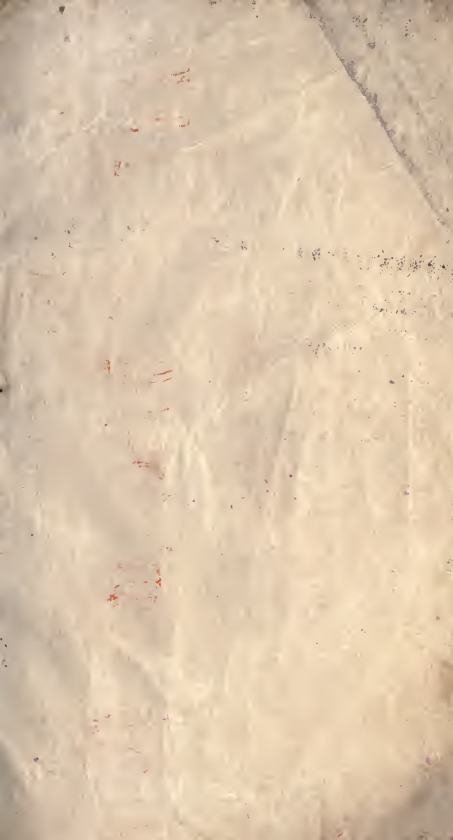
Here were arranged in order the pots containing their favorite flowers. Emily would take her work with her, and while George was engaged in watering them and trimming their stems, Emily would sit and sew, and occasionally join her voice with the melody which resounded from the trees. They were happy children. They loved their parents, and did all in their power to gain their esteem. Their parents delighted to see them thus devote their leisure hours, because it gave promise of future industrious habits.



THE CAMEL.

When offended, the camel is very resentful; but having once gratified this feeling, all remembrance of the injury is passed. The camel drivers, aware of this fact, when they apprehend the anger of the camel, drop their clothes in his sight, and conceal themselves; the beast instantly rushes at the clothes, tosses them about and tramples upon them; after which the driver re-appears, and the whole business is forgotten.





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